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Roxbury, Jan. 6, 1879.

My dear Wendell:

Of course, you were disappointed in not receiving from me ^{this morning} the letter you desired. I meant to have written and sent it yesterday without fail, but occupied with several other matters, I quite forgot it till it was just too late. However, I had nothing to communicate respecting Caleb Cushing that you could probably have made any use of. My personal acquaintance with him began before I graduated from the printing-office of the Newburyport Herald - as early as 1824, at which time I ^{was} writing articles anonymously for the Herald, in a disguised handwriting, and baffling the attempts of my old master, Ephraim W. Allen, to find out the writer. During his absence from his post on a visit to his brother at the South, he engaged Mr. Cushing to act as editor pro tem., who, I forgot how, dis-

covered my nom de guerre, and from that instant took a special interest in me, giving me compliments and words of encouragement - offering to lend me any of his books - &c., &c. I could not but gratefully appreciate his kindness and courtesy, and I naturally became one of his admirers in view of his brilliant scholarship and expanding talent. This relation continued between us until 1826, when he undertook to divide the Federal ranks in Essex North District, and procure his election to Congress, to the supplanting of General J. B. Varnum, of Haverhill, who had been regularly nominated. This with me was the special "stone of stumbling" or "rock of offence" in his case; but while the election was pending, there appeared in the Boston Post communications puffing Cushing in the most extravagant terms, and claiming in his behalf that he had "ten thousand ^{times} more talent" [I think that was the number specified]

than General Varnum, and greatly depreciating the latter. These were alleged to be from his pen, and the handwriting seemed to be conclusive proof that they were so; though an effort was made to hold Mrs. Cushing exclusively responsible for them. The affair made a tremendous sensation throughout the District, and overwhelmed Cushing, for the time being, with popular disgust and indignation. It so outraged my sense of moral rectitude that I did what I could, by writing articles in the Herald and Salem and Haverhill papers to ensure his defeat; and in a public meeting of his influential partisans in Newburyport my rebuke of him was so scathingly expressed as scarcely to prevent their laying violent hands upon me. I think I never met him from that day onward, face to face, and rarely saw him at a distance. He had indeed "shining talents" and a gentlemanly bearing, but he seemed to have been born

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without a moral sense, and was even pursuing a tortuous course with a single view to the gratification of his own boundless ambition. He became flagrantly recreant to his anti-slavery professions, and went to the verge of treason in his sympathy with Jeff. Davis and his seditious crew. I do not think it to the credit of our Massachusetts Legislature in passing eulogistic resolutions to his memory, as though there had been nothing disgraceful in his career.

William informs me that Harry has arrived, and will be with us at tea and for the night. I shall send by ^{him} the two photographs you forwarded to me as experimented upon by Rockwood. The partial eclipse in each case bothers my vision.

The severe cold I caught at New York is slowly lifting, but I shall need to be very cautious about out-door exposure.

Your loving Father.